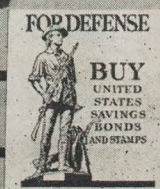
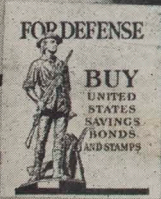
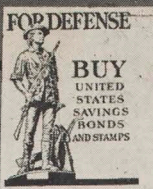


JUNE-1942

PACIFIC ELECTRIC

Magazine



ARM IN ARM WE MARCH TO VICTORY

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY COMPANY

PACIFIC ELECTRIC BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

O. A. SMITH,
PRESIDENT

IN REPLY PLEASE REFER TO

June 1st, 1942.

TO PACIFIC ELECTRIC EMPLOYEES:

Last January a program was undertaken to increase sale of War Savings Bonds, Series E, under the Payroll Allotment Plan. From but a few subscribers in January, a little over half of Pacific Electric employees were subscribing in April. Credit for this increase is due the War Bond Committee handling sale of Bonds under the plan in the various departments, and the cooperation extended the committee by Pacific Electric employees who have subscribed.

The need for money for war purposes is greater now than ever before. The United States Treasury Department has set a goal of one billion dollars a month sale of Series E Bonds through payroll deduction plan in industry. Pacific Electric is asked to do its part and our goal is 90% of employees subscribing an average of a bond a month (\$25. bond - cost \$18.75). The program to accomplish this is now under way, starting May 20th with a meeting of the Bond Committee in the Pacific Electric Club.

Your Bond Committee has full information about the need for raising additional funds. You can cooperate with them by asking your Committeeman for a Payroll Allotment authorization form and he will also assist you in writing in the required information for preparation of your Bond.

The United States Treasury Department has been assured that Pacific Electric employees will cooperate in this campaign, and believe you will be interested in letter recently received from the Treasury Department, quoted below. Your Committeeman has a copy of the telegram of May 12th referred to.

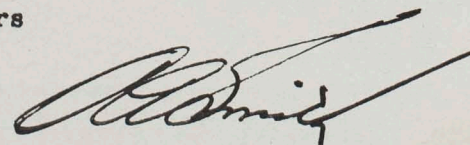
"The Secretary has asked me to thank you for answering so promptly his telegram of May 12, relative to increasing the percentage of participation in the Payroll Savings Plan for purchase of War Savings Bonds.

"If we are to finance the war successfully and at the same time keep the cost of living down, we shall have to have every wage earner of the country actively participating in the War Savings Program by enrolling in a Payroll Savings Plan and investing at least 10% of his income regularly.

"The Secretary would like you to know how much he appreciates the cooperation you have already given in the Treasury Department's campaign towards this goal, and he sends you his best wishes for maintaining a successful Payroll Savings Plan among your employees."

Let's get behind the war effort of our Government with our dollars.

Sincerely yours



June 10, 1942

PACIFIC ELECTRIC MAGAZINE

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» The Great Drive For United States War Bonds Begins «



The General Committee Representing Every Department of the Company.

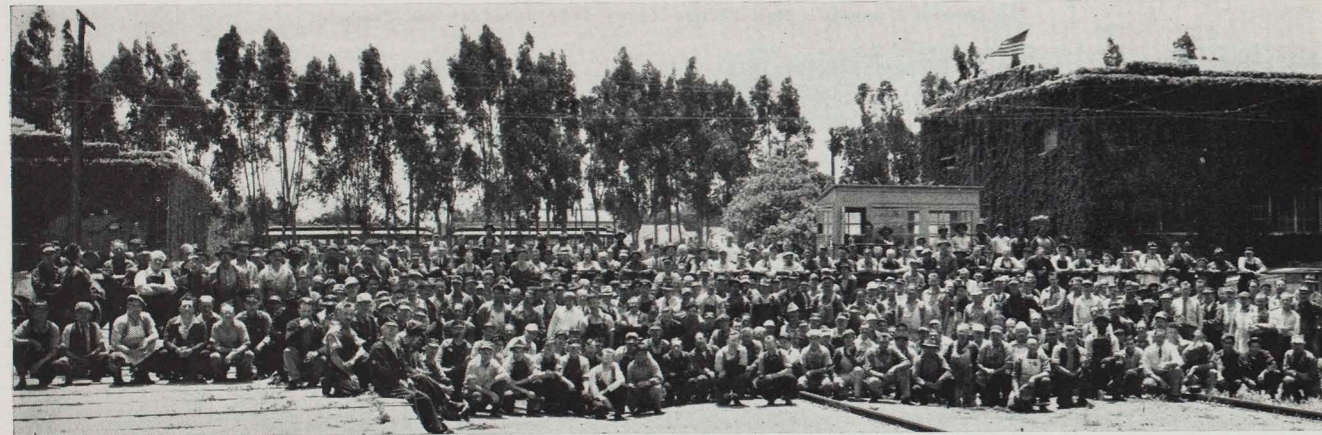


MEMBERSHIP OF THE JOINT MANAGEMENT-BROTHERHOOD WAR COMMITTEE OF THE TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT
Left to right, front row: Lee C. Boals, BRT Local Chairman, South and West Freight; G. F. Squires, General Superintendent; Don H. Sheets, BRT Vice Chairman and Local Chairman, Western District; H. L. Young, Supervisor, Northern-Southern Districts. Left to right rear: J. W. Butler, Supervisor, Motor Transit District; Earl L. Smith, BRT Secretary and Local Chairman, Northern District; W. P. Nutter, BRT General Chairman; H. W. Jenkins, BRT Local Chairman, Southern District Passenger; C. J. Kimball, BRT Local Chairman, Motor Transit District and C. E. Noonan, System Freight Trainmaster.

THEY WILL ALL PULL TOGETHER TO BUY WAR BONDS FROM "UNCLE SAMUEL"



Line and Sub-Station Construction men turn out in force at Washington Street to "Boost for Bonds", accompanied by the Mascot of the Gang.



Too bad the Photographer didn't bunch them so that he could get closer and make a better photo of the Mechanical Force at our Torrance Shops. They show their interest, however in Buying Bonds.



Signal and Bonding Forces get together at Los Angeles Street Yards to Boost the Bond Campaign—and—they do not have their signals mixed.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC FOLKS ALWAYS RALLY ROUND WHEN GOOD CAUSE CALLS



Mechanical Department Stalwarts at West Hollywood have always been in the forefront in every campaign waged by us.

War Savings Bond Committee

Ask your Committeeman for Payroll Allotment authorization form and his assistance in its preparation. It is important form be correctly prepared, as your bond is typed for the information shown on the authorization form.

Law Department
T. H. Sword

Claim Department
H. D. Turner

Research Department
R. C. Forcier

Mechanical Department
W. G. White
W. M. Brooks
Otto Martin
E. F. Koster
Frank Barratt
Joe Dumoulin

Engineering Department
A. J. Guercio
H. E. De Nyse
D. Boyle
F. B. Patterson
R. Schaeffle
J. H. Toland
E. J. A. Hasenyager

Freight Department
F. F. Willey

Accounting Department
R. E. Labbe
U. L. Drake

Passenger Traffic Department
F. E. Billhardt
E. C. Thomas
G. H. Blythe
E. Eggert

Special Agents Department
J. Shafer

Land and Tax Department
E. L. Young
H. Gorman

Purchasing Department
G. W. Quesenbery
John Vander Zee
C. L. Curle
L. E. Bolen

Hospital Department
W. C. Scholl

Treasury Department
T. Y. Andrew

Transportation Department
I. W. Erhardt
E. L. Smith
W. P. Nutter
D. H. Sheets
H. W. Jenkins
L. C. Boals
C. J. Kimball
G. F. Squires
E. E. Jarvis
L. T. Bashore
H. L. Young
C. E. Noonan
J. W. Butler

CAPTAIN ROBERT DENTON

Son of Well-known Official Steps Up Another Grade

In the January issue of the Magazine we chronicled the visit of Lt. Robert Denton to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Denton, and described the Lieutenant's duties at a camp in Wyoming, where he had designed and constructed a proving ground for drivers of every class of motor vehicle used by our armed forces, and directed the instruction of drivers and maintenance men of the service. The terrain over which all drivers were called upon to travel was constructed so as to give the men experience in handling equipment over any kind of road or territory they might encounter in actual operations.

Among other construction features, Lt. Denton built the shortest railway to be found in the nation, and about which there has been quite a bit of national publicity. The road is one rail length long, and constitutes a regulation railway crossing on a highway.

The latest episode in the family of Denton, came to light early this month when Mr. and Mrs. Denton were notified that Lt. Robert Denton had been raised to the rank of Captain, the promotion being effective as of February 1, 1942.

Congratulations are extended the Captain, his wife, and all members of the family. Father is now wearing a size larger hat than he did prior to May 1st.

Passing of Pacific Electric Camp

Once Favored Vacation Spot of Employees Now Property of Private Interests

As time goes on, the material things that we once enjoyed and which have grown into our affections pass on into the realm of memories, leaving pangs of regrets over their loss, and in our minds linger memories of pleasant days, friendships formed and happy incidents.

A few years ago, all of we older employes saw with grief the passing of Mt. Lowe Resort, our scenic spot on the famous mountain of that name. A resort that was one of the first established in Southern California, and one to which many of us wended our way on many week-ends to find surcease from business turmoil and other cares of the work-a-day world. We missed it after flames took their toll and reduced it to ashes. We miss it now more than ever, and never needed it more than during these war-torn days.

Then came the abandonment of Redondo Beach Resort, which had fallen on evil days and had become a financial headache.

There hundreds of us had spent happy hours dancing in the Pavilion, swimming in the surf and in the big bath house. There we had annually held our "family" picnic, at which time we met many of our fellows who like ourselves looked forward from year to year for that meeting where we would find many friends we had not seen during the previous twelve-month.

That is now gone—but memories longer.

Now, comes the passing of Pacific Electric Vacation Camp in the rugged, beautiful San Bernardino Mountains, sale of the property having been recently made to L. M. Steimle who will operate it as a private resort, open to the public in general.

The transfer of our Vacation Camp to others comes about from a chain of circumstances dating back to the 1920's, when so many of our other difficulties began from the same source—the coming of the automobile.

Prior to that time, the tempo of our lives was somewhat slower. We used the trains and stage coach to reach our vacation spots. We found such places in the mountains as was our camp, and each year, or more often if we could, we made pilgrimages to those favored spots and enjoyed them at leisure.

With the coming of the rubber tire came the wander-lust. We were not content unless we were battling all over creation like a June-bug with

no more definite destination in mind than is possessed by that bug. It became the rule that the most highly regarded individual was the one who could roll up the most mileage on his jalopy between Saturday noon and Monday morning, between which periods he, or they, lived out of a nose-bag and it was a heck of a poor trip unless at least four resorts were visited. "Vacation at Camp? H-e-l-l NO. Same old faces, same old places, same old trees, same old rocks; might as well wear the same old socks."

And so went a lot of the revenue with which the Camp, or any other place, must have or cease to exist.

Then, the travel-habit had been formed, and the urge to go places away off yonder came into being. Came the desire to go East and inflict ourselves upon some one or more of our relatives (near or far); to do like Thompson's colt did, "swim the river to get a drink out of a mud-hole". Pass rules were very flexible and liberal and we could ride "from hell to breakfast" on the steam roads; and we DID.

So went more of the patronage that the Camp was entitled to. So also went the type of vacations that rejuvenate, that refresh, that restore our energies and activity and give us a fresh outlook upon life.

Due to these and many other reasons, our Company has absorbed annual losses since 1917 running into many of thousands of dollars, to say nothing of the capital put into the establishment of the Vacation Camp.

Appreciation of the facilities has ebbed until the past few years showed most emphatically that further operation was a complete waste of effort as well as money. Only the sincere kindly feeling of the management toward the project kept it in operation as long as it was.

It was in the summer of 1917 that the Camp was opened for employes and their families. Prior to that time the site had been acquired from the Government, and the first building erected. Tent cottages (some 20 in number) were established, the spring developed, the swimming pool built and the grounds put in shape.

Most of the labor in the original construction of the Camp was voluntary employe work. The original appropriation being for only approximately \$4500. Each week end, for several months parties of employes numbering from 15 to 50 would assemble at the Washington St. Yard or at the Shops (then located at 7th and Alameda) and go to Camp where they labored prodigiously to finish the Camp by July 1st. They excavated the site for the swimming pool, they

laid out the water system and installed the pipe, they cleared the grounds, built retaining walls, built foundations for cabins and made smooth paths to all of them. Two Sundays they assembled at the Shops and built all the floors and framework for the cabins, later loading and shipping them to the Camp. During a period of about two months, more than 200 employes, on their own time, worked like beavers to help build the Camp, that all employes and their families might enjoy a vacation amid Natures' glories at the minimum of expense.

It is to those of us who had a part in that enterprise that will come the great measure of regret for its loss. But, to us there is only a material loss. The memories linger. The friendships that were formed there when we planned together and worked together will never be lost. They grow stronger with the years. And, these latter things are those most prized in life, and something only a few of this later generation will understand.

"You never miss the water 'till the well runs dry."

W. J. BLACKBURN MARRIED

Friends of William J. (Johnny) Blackburn, of the "Field Division" of the Engineering Department, will be pleased to learn of his marriage on May 3rd to Miss Mary Catherine Almony at the Christian Church on South Normandie Avenue, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends of the contracting parties.

Following the wedding a reception was tendered the happy couple at the home of the bride's aunt on West 38th Place.

On their "honey-moon tour" they visited friends in San Francisco, Vallejo, Sacramento, Truckee, and returned home via Reno, Carson City and Owens Valley. They are now at home to their friends at their apartment in the Royal Palms Apartment on South Wilton Place.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended.

Patron: "What kind of pie is this?"

Waiter: "What does it taste like?"

Patron: "Glue."

Waiter: "Then it's apple. The pumpkin tastes like soap."

"What made you quit your job?"

"Well, the boss called me in last week and said he was going to fire me. Then, he fired me a couple of times. The next day he had another fellow in my place, and well, that was too much. I handed in my resignation."



Agent Creates A Garden Of Beauty

The Hobby of Years Contributes to the Joy of Others

For many years it has been the delight of A. G. Owen, our agent at Covina, to cultivate flowers around the station grounds of whatever city in which he has been located, and each year he has produced blossoms of a surpassing nature, that have been the envy of all lovers of flowers that have seen them. This year was no exception and his fancy turned to Iris.

As a result of the loving care and attention he gave his plants a reporter for the Covina Argus recently had the picture herewith taken by Dick Garrod, of Covina, to which was appended the following story:

"Veteran station agent for the Red Line Pacific Electric company, A. G. Owen contemplates his newest iris beds at the corner of Second and Badillo streets. He has grown and propagated these flowers for years, beautifying the grounds around other stations in the southland where he has been stationed in the past. He denies being an authority on iris, but much about them may be learned from him.

They include most of the colors of the spectrum—violet, indigo, blue, green, orange, and red—

This veteran executive for the red

line car system made an outstanding success of his iris and other flower beds when he was agent at San Dimas, and is repeating his triumphs at the Covina station, corner of Second and Badillo streets.

Spectacular even to those who know little about flowers, the beds are now flaming in pink, copper, lavender and blue colors, inclusive of sixty distinct varieties. These have been nurtured and encouraged by the station master in quiet hours, a hobby that has brought him peace and joy, he said.

Around the station, especially in the street parking spaces and on the east and west of the building he has also planted many varieties of low-growing flowers, beautifying the area. The old station has an attraction this year that it has lacked in the past, thanks to one man's love of beauty.

"FAN" BECOMES A WRITER

Always a "railway fan" and a collector of photos of railway equipment, Frank P. Donovan, a member of the Freight Traffic forces at Eighth Street Terminal, has turned writer, and with a large measure of success as is evidenced by his contribution of a highly illustrated story based on the Pacific Electric in the May issue of "Trains", a publication that is national in its scope and is rapidly becoming the "Transportation Bible" of "rail fans."

The article reflects great credit on Frank, is intensely interesting. Undoubtedly many of our readers will desire to get a copy of the May "Trains" at a news-stand.

MAKES POWER HISTORY

The biggest power deal in Los Angeles' history was made on May 11th when the Los Angeles City Council contracted with the Defense Plant Corporation to supply \$5,000,000 of electricity annually to the aluminum plant under construction at the outskirts of Torrance, 190th st. and Normandie ave.

The plant, operating 24 hours a day, will use 1,400,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity a year—almost as much as the remainder of the entire city.

The rate of 3.743 mills a kilowatt hour, is the lowest ever offered any manufacturer and admittedly only slightly above cost. The city retains, however, the right to raise this scale if found too low.

The huge new Torrance customer will wipe out most of the Los Angeles reserve energy, it was disclosed, but Gen. Manager H. C. Cardette of the City Bureau of Power and Light says negotiations are under way to pool the resources of the Southern California Edison Co., California-Nevada Corp. and municipal power plants of Glendale, Pasadena and Burbank with output of the Los Angeles plants.

Consisting of an \$18,000,000 aluminum reduction plant and \$7,000,000 extrusion plant, the factory will produce metal for Southern California plane plants.

Both units are slated to be in operation by late summer. Aluminum Corp. of America will operate the reduction mill and Bohn Aluminum & Brass of America, the reduction mill for the Defense Plant Corp.

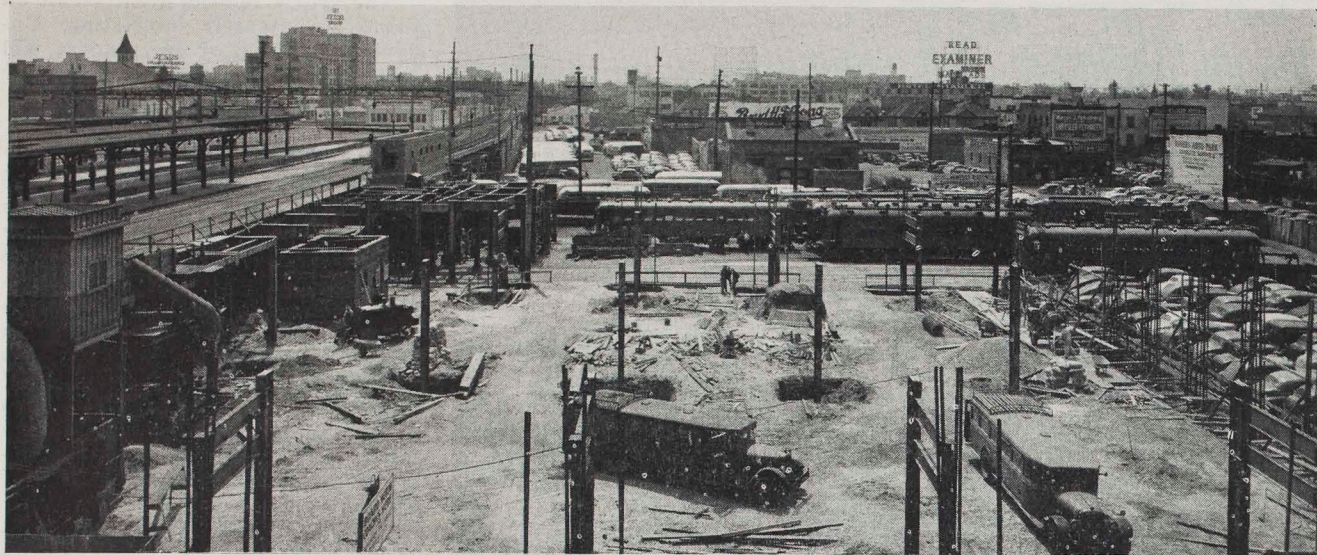
OSCAR A. LEATHERMAN

One of our old and highly respected employes, Oscar A. Leatherman, affectionately known as "Dad" by his many friends, passed away after a brief illness on May 8th.

He retired from active service on December 31, 1935 but since that date he was a regular visitor at the club to such an extent that the fact he was on retirement hardly occurred to those who had the pleasure of associating with him.

Mr. Leatherman was 73 years of age last December, and had been in the employ of the company since July 24, 1917 with the mechanical department both at the former 6th and Central Shops and later at Torrance.

Sincere condolences are extended the bereaved family.



Great Loading Deck at the rear of Sixth and Main Station rapidly going up. Since this picture was taken one week ago, the deck beams are in.

Army Requisitions Pacific Electric Club

Main Club Floor and Ballroom Floor to be Used as Induction Center

After examination of many similar quarters in Los Angeles, the survey extending over several months, the War Department, through the officer in charge of this area has requisitioned the quarters now occupied by our Club for use as the Induction Center for Southern California; and, according to the latest advices, expect to take over about July 1st. Also to be assigned for Army use are a number of offices on the Third floor of the Pacific Electric Building which are closely adjacent to the Club rooms.

The transfer to the Army does not include the Cafe and class rooms adjoining, nor the Auditorium, both of which will be retained by the Club for its use.

The request of the Army to take over our Club quarters for the use set forth above, has been somewhat anticipated for the matter has been under investigation for some time and many visits have been made by local officers.

While our present Club and its facilities have been all we could wish, and none of us had any great desire to transfer elsewhere, all of us are anxious to do everything that will be of assistance to our National defense, and if moving to new quarters will assist, we move, and move gladly.

Fortunately, the Transportation Club recently relinquished its quarters on the Ninth Floor of the building, and the Club will be transferred

to that location just as soon as Club President Collins and Manager Vickrey can complete arrangements and make a number of alterations they find necessary.

Preliminary plans indicate that the new location is going to be more than satisfactory, and with some of the improvements proposed will make the Club quite as comfortable and attractive as the old one.

The plan for rearrangement of the Club quarters embodies the conversion of one of the large class rooms adjoining the cafe and Trainmen's room into a lounging room for the Trainmen and the installation of pool-playing and card game facilities. This will provide much more room for the terminal and add a great deal to the comfort and diversion of trainmen who spend a great deal of their time there.

On the Ninth Floor, in which the late Transportation Club was located, the Club Lounge, Game Room and Library will be located, as well as the offices of the Club.

The Ladies' Lounge will be located on the Eighth Floor, the entrance being from the west hallway of that floor, and adjacent to the Ladies' Lounge will be an Assembly Room in which to hold necessary meetings, and the Rod and Gun Club Trophy Room.

A stairway leading from the Ladies' Lounge to the Main Club Room connects the two divisions of the Club.

In connection with the Club quarters on the Ninth Floor a kitchenette is provided for use as may be necessary from time to time.

The Club Cafe will remain in its present quarters, but entrance may be made only from Mezzanine Floor.

Active work in the preparation of our new Club quarters was begun last week and will be rushed to completion on or before July 1st.

JOSEPH A. HARDESTY

Joseph A. Hardesty, foreman of the pipe and wiring shop, Torrance, died May 22, 1942. He was 57 years old. He resided at Redondo Beach, and is survived by his wife and three married daughters.

Mr. Hardesty was first employed June 8, 1902 as car repairer in the Georgia Street shops of the Los Angeles Interurban Railway Company. He has worked off and on since that time and has been continuously employed since September 2, 1919. He has worked at Redondo Beach, the old Sherman Shops, 7th and Central Shops, Los Angeles, and at Torrance Shops, and has held positions as electrician, wireman, and foreman. He has been foreman since May 1, 1930.

CHARLES BUTTON

After having been in the service from May 12, 1901 until May 31, 1938, Charles Button, one of our best known trainmen passed away suddenly at his home here on May 13th, much to the regret of a host of friends who had known him since the early days of this company.

During his active career here he had been employed as motorman, Supervisor and Assistant Trainmaster and in each position he had earned an enviable record.

Most sincere sympathy is extended his daughter, Enid M. Button, who resides at Sherman Oaks, who survives him.

WELCOME, NEW EMPLOYEES

FELLOW EMPLOYEES:

It is obvious from developments in recent months that the burden on transportation companies will be greater than any reasonable person could have expected or foretold. As we face the future we will be expected to handle more and more of the vast war production that is mounting day by day and will also be expected to handle more and more passenger travel due to rubber shortage and possible rationing of gasoline. There has never been a time in our history when transportation companies have been given a greater task than they are now facing.

The demand is for full speed ahead. While everybody is in accord with this demand it should be remembered that full speed ahead can be attained only through safe, efficient and accident-free operation. Employees in the transportation industry while not producing war materials directly, are engaged in a work just as vitally essential to the war effort and accidents which cause loss of time, waste of material or loss of usage of equipment mean interference with such effort. Maximum possible speed is a laudable endeavor but it must be safe if best results are to be accomplished.

During recent months a large number of new employees have been entering the service. To all of these new employees, many of whom are engaged in the transportation business for the first time, it is my sincere desire to extend a most cordial welcome to the service of Pacific Electric Railway. All of such new employees are urged to consult freely with their supervisors and other experienced employees for such counsel and advice as the occasion may require, bearing in mind that only by a thorough understanding of the duties and responsibilities of their positions and a friendly spirit of cooperation and teamwork can best results be accomplished.

Our sincere aim, with which I am sure you will agree, is every possible effort to aid our country and its war program.

Cordially yours,

O. A. SMITH,
President

POPULAR DOCTOR IN SERVICE

"Uncle Sam" called one of our most popular physicians to the Army about two weeks ago, and most sincere congratulations are extended the Medical Corps of the armed forces on his acquisition, for during his sojourn with this company as a mem-



ber of the medical staff of Dr. Wm. L. Weber, our chief surgeon, he has established a reputation of high efficiency in his calling and won the sincere friendship of a host of our employees.

By the above we are referring to

Dr. S. Castaneres, who on June 1st assumed the rank of Major in the medical corps of the Nation's Army.

Not many men have won the high esteem as has the doctor during his several years of practice with this company. His affability and good nature was never failing, and his ability outstanding in his profession.

All of us regret losing him, though it is hoped only temporarily, but extend to him our most sincere best wishes, knowing that he is now where he can accomplish the most good for the greatest number and those most deserving of the greatest care.

KEEPING THEM FLYING

Richard E. Hayward, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hayward, 1529 3/4 N. Bronson Avenue, Los Angeles, was inducted into the United States Army on October 21, 1941, reporting to Fort McArthur.

After spending a week there, he was transferred to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds at Aberdeen, Maryland, where he attended school and was given special drilling for non-commission officers rating.

After completing course, he was assigned to duty in ground crew at the 436th Aviation Ordinance at Val-



dosta, Georgia and then transferred to the 851st Aviation Ordnance at Turner Field, Albany, Georgia, where he still was when last heard from.

He expects to be sent overseas for active duty within the next few weeks, where of course, being a military secret. He writes that he hopes it will be soon as he is anxious to go places and do things.

The above photo was recently sent by Richard to his family. His father has been employed in the Engineering Department since 1917.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC MASONIC CLUB

The next regular meeting will be on Wednesday, June 17, 7:30 P. M.

This will be the last meeting before our summer vacation. We hope for a large attendance.

Those who failed to attend the dinner and dance at Alhambra on May 16 missed a most enjoyable evening. Although the attendance was not as large as at some of our parties all who were there were enthusiastic in their praise of the excellent dinner, and the splendid entertainment furnished by the Don Ricardo orchestra.

Hospital News: Brother Paul Loughran is still confined in St. Vincents. Mrs. Loughran has also been quite ill at their home. Brother Edgar L. Martin is still confined to his home as a result of his recent heart attack. A short visit will do much to cheer a sick brother.

One of my girl friends is here at the beach looking for her husband." "What's his name?" "Oh, she doesn't know yet."

Moe—Do you mean to tell me you used to make whaling trips with your father?

Joe—Sure. Out to the woodshed.

THE GREATEST GAME THE P. E. BOWLING LEAGUE EVER PLAYED WAS HERE! ALL TEN STRIKES AND NO SPARES



THE BOWLERS' JAMBOREE

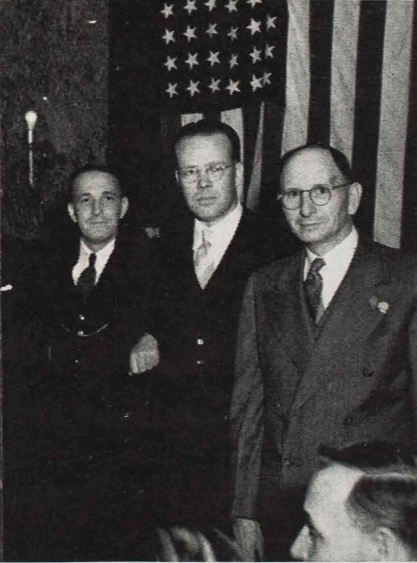
Once-a-year "Blow-off" After a Red Hot Season

Winding up a very successful season, the Bowling League held their annual banquet at the Paris Inn on the night of May 7th. There was a crowd of approximately 120 present and by the noise they were making, everyone had a grand time.

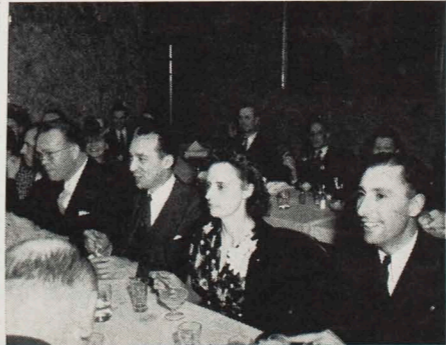
Herman Grenke gave his usual oratorical performance and gathered in the usual large crop of raspberries. This time he had a microphone to help him out and Herm improves from year to year. However, as a tip to the gentleman I understand a society is being formed, calling themselves the HHWARC—(Hit Herman With A Ripe Cackleberry) whose main aim in life is to subdue this effervescent young man at the next banquet. However our money rides on the young man in question.

Neal Vickrey, Emcee of the banquet, spread out his usual coating of oil, and he was going in high gear until somebody started throwing uncooked beans at him. Neal was in a pretty bad spot because even the worst bowler in the room could hardly miss that shiny gourd of his, sticking up above the rest of the room like the Ol Moon coming up behind the Big Smokies. Strange to say some of the pods bouncing off his ear separator gave out a very hollow sound indeed.

Our Prexy, Jack Cross, handled his duties in a very creditable man-



Top Pictures, left and right, the Aristocracy of the Bowling world taken while the evening was yet young. Later on they—well why go so deep into the subject that grows more and more convivial.



Center Picture—The "Royal Family" at the Head Table. Left to Right: Ted Cuccia, Manager of the League; N. B. Vickrey, Master of Ceremonies; C. G. Gonzalez, Secretary-Treasurer; P. C. (Jack) Cross, President; Roy Swanson, 2d Vice President; Harry Hampton, Vice-President.

Bottom Row, left to right: L. S. Jones and wife, with wifie bestowing some apparently affectionate advice; F. A. Bixenstein in the immediate background warming up to the subject. Second Picture: Husband of the former Dorothy Baranek completely surrounded by beauty; quite a handsome "thorn" between two roses. Third Picture: "Rough-house" Roy, Don Houston, our "star" reporter; Nancie Reese, the charming bit of femininity who makes the chap next to her (Jimmie Shafer) wear that perpetual smile.

Center row of pictures. Left: Em Cee Vickrey attempting to bring order out of chaos long enough for the photographer to shoot. Right: Jack Cross, who arranged dinner, locale and surrounding scenery.

ner, however the man seems to have no control over his little wife, who really adds the old spark to our gatherings.

Ona Gregg, Manager of the Arcade Alleys, together with Asst. Manager Al Alexander, attended the banquet and handed out the prizes to the winning team, the Claim Department. In addition Ona had special prizes for Ann Shafer, highest average woman bowler, Prexy Cross received a trophy, for what he couldn't say, Bessie Chobotsky got one for her excellent work on the lanes and in the excitement there were other trophies passed around which most of us knew nothing about.

The winners of the two bowling balls donated by the Pacific Electric Club this year were Joe Shafer, for his high series and Bob Crownover, who gathered in the high game prize for the season.

Roy Swanson received no prize but one of the pictures on the ceiling will forevermore be known as a replica of the great Swanson. MacArthur has his park, Swanson his picture.

Laurel Jones was present at the gathering of the clan and was in high gear most of the evening, along with the rest of us. Don't you love that picture of Laurel and his better half. Wish we could get our general managers to look at us like that. The boy must have that old appeal.

After the banquet most of the crowd remained for some dancing and light refreshments. It was quite a sight to see the interpretations some

of the boys, and girls, put on. Oliver's gorilla glide and Joe Krug's strike ballet among the others were outstanding. Herman Speechmaker Grenke, did all right with his chores on the waxed floor, and the same is true of Joe Shafer and Jimmy Shafer. Jimmy, incidentally, has yet to be seen without a smile on his face, though it must have come pretty hard at times while watching the antics of some of us. He must catch that attitude from Nancy, who usually is laughing at something, and boy

The votes count—not the absentee members. to bowl on another lane or on a different night, but when he does not show up we have no way of knowing that.

Tentatively the set-up is for a handicap division and a scratch division for the coming season. However, when the meeting for the setting of schedules, and the entering of teams is held which will be on Sept. 2, be on hand with as many members of your team as possible.



Treasurer Was A Busy Bozo

around this crowd there is usually something to laugh at.

C. Gonzalez and Ted Cuccia were among the bowlers present who seemed to be enjoying themselves and Gon in particular deserved a good time, he has worked like a Trojan to keep the boys and the girls paid up and the accounts straight. There's one job that really is no push-over.

The gang got together at their annual meeting the other night and through a lot of subterfuge pushed your scribe into the President's seat for the 2942-43 season. You can all brace yourselves now and expect the worst while hoping for the best. Alleys to be used for the coming season are the Vogue and the Arcade—on Tuesday night at the Vogue and the Arcade for Friday. A ray of sunshine in the fog are the V.P.s Les Lutes and J. Cross.

Just a word to all the bowlers—we had a very poor attendance at the meeting, which probably accounts for my election, but what we would like to point out is that if you don't come to the meeting and express your views, how can we tell as to your wishes for the coming season—as to the night you wish to bowl and the location, etc. Of course everyone will not be satisfied, but the man that shows up at the meeting is the man whose wishes we have to accept—Joe Doaks out in the Valley or in Santa Monica, etc., may want



Managed a League—Not a Riot

Our league has been increasing each year, the past season there being 22 teams in the field. This means that somebody is not going to be able to get in the fold if they do not show up and speak for themselves. More feminine bowlers either in teams or as members of other teams will undoubtedly be in action and we look forward to the best year we have had so far. So attend the meetings and if you don't, keep your big — shut when others decide on a plan of action and you are not there to speak your piece.

AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY
By Martha Harper

Nomination of officers for the coming year will be held at the next meeting, June 9. Also nomination and election of officers on June 23.

President Brown attended the luncheon at the Biltmore hotel, given in honor of Mrs. Mark Murrill, our National president.

Mrs. Nichols, unit Chaplain, has just returned from a trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. Jacot, Child Welfare chairman is just back from a trip to Portland.

Mrs. Riordan is visiting in Atlanta, Georgia.

Mrs. Oglesby who has been in the East for several years, has returned.

Prizes will be awarded at the card party on June 26 to those having the highest score over a period of several months. They are Mrs. Green for 500; Mrs. Brown for pinochle; Mrs. Clemmons for bridge.

Mrs. Newman sold the most poppies on our recent poppy day sale.

Mrs. Harris was the honor guest at a shower given by the unit members.

The annual Secret Pal dinner will be held on June 16—time and place to be announced later. Bring your Pal a gift and have a lot of fun. Husbands are invited too.

Mister: "What do you think would go well with purple and green golf socks, dear?"

Missus: "Hip boots." — Capper's Weekly.

READING THE SIGNS

Mr.: "Dear, I think Junior must be home from College."

Mrs.: "Why? I haven't seen him."

Mr.: "No, but I haven't had a letter from him for three weeks."

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SEE OUR AGENTS AT TERMINALS

Harold Burleson
E. S. Delaplaine
C. H. Kissick
P. A. Du Bose at P. E. Club
OR PHONE TRINITY 3526

PACIFIC ELECTRIC CLUB MONTHLY BULLETIN

Wednesday, June 10:
P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.

Saturday, June 13:
P. E. Agents' Association Meeting—7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, June 17:
P. E. Masonic Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.

Thursday, June 18:
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party. Prizes to winners—1:00 p.m.

Tuesday, June 23:
American Legion Post Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Meeting—8:00 p.m.

Wednesday, June 24:
P. E. Women's Club Annual Picnic at Echo Park. Bring basket lunch and your own SUGAR.

Friday, June 26:
American Legion Auxiliary Night Card Party. Prizes to winners & refreshments—8:00 p.m.

Thursday, July 2:
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party. Prizes to winners—1:00 p.m.

Wednesday, July 8:
P. E. Rod & Gun Club Monthly Meeting—7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, July 14:
American Legion Post Meeting—8:00 p.m.
American Legion Auxiliary Meeting—8:00 p.m.

Thursday, July 16:
P. E. Women's Club Afternoon Card Party. Prizes to winners—1:00 p.m.

P. E. Club Summer League Bowling:
League Matches held each Friday night at Arcade Recreation Center—8:00 p.m.

HERE AND THERE WITH THE WOMEN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Lon Bishop

The Women's Club held their annual election on May 14th and unanimously elected a group of officers who are ready and anxious, even rarin' to get started in Sept.

According to reports given, the Club has had a very good year, new members added to the roster, quite a bit of welfare work done, money in the treasury—defense stamps piling up for a bond and a Red Cross unit under the leadership of Mrs. Columbus (with work turned out) that the Org—is very proud of.

These are trying days and it's pretty hard to keep the attendance up at the meetings, but Mrs. Shoup as President and Vice-President Mrs. Hasty have done remarkably well and our new spring chapeau is off to them.

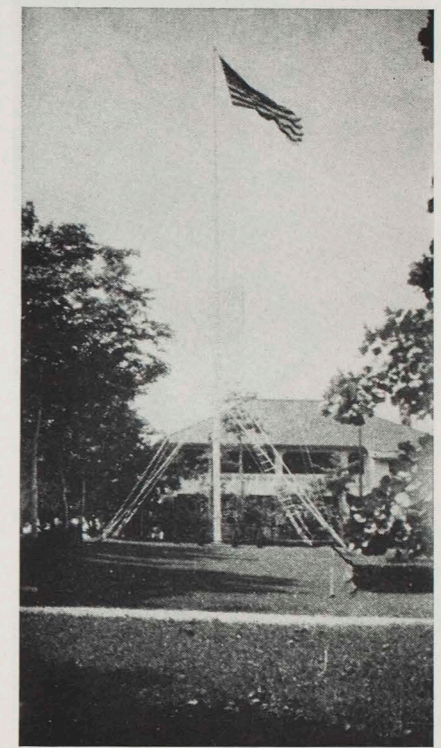
Another member to whom a great deal of credit is due, is the hospital chairman, Mrs. Florence Johnson.

She is a weekly visitor at St. Vincent's and with her happy, cheery manner has endeared herself to all the patients there.

The latter part of the year has been a very trying one for Mrs. Shoup.

Trying to keep up with routine club duties, while your heart and thoughts are miles away with a wounded son on Corregidor, is not easy—but she's a soldier's mother—and we know her boy, Hammond would be just as proud of her as she is of him.

IN REMEMBRANCE AND IT WILL BE RETURNED



The Flag "Top Side" Corregidor Before Its Fall.

After the business session on May 14th, Mrs. Hasty staged an old-fashioned dress parade. Some were very old, for instance Mrs. F. Hart wore an old "covered wagon days" outfit and related experiences and hardships suffered on the journey.

Nice memory that gal has, Frieda Johnson in her graduating dress (sweet sixteen) was one of the group.

Mesdames Crunk and Miller went into a dreamy waltz to the music of "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," but that time will never arrive for those dames.

Mrs. Crunk wore an old-fashioned polanaise (?) and Mrs. Miller one of those bouffant affairs reaching from here to there.

Mrs. Landon was another attractive gal in the pee-rade.

One of the activities of the past month was the annual visit to Huntington Library and Gardens. Always a joy, the garden seemed this time to have taken on an added attractiveness, a sort of an all-out for beauty, trying to make up for the disappointment one felt in not being able to see many of the pictures and objects of art which have been put in safe keeping for the duration.

Always one of the "musts" on that outing is luncheon and tea at the charming little tea room. No reservations are required for week-end vis-

itors at present—May 28th winds up the club's activities for the year.

The installation of the new officers with Mrs. Crunk as installing officer — final reports, a short program with refreshments served later. As to vacations, with tire shortages, will probably find many club women still on the job contributing to the winning of the war efforts.

And now for the list of new officers whom we hope you'll be on hand to greet, at the first meeting of the new year, September 10th.

President, Mrs. Hasty; Vice-President, Mrs. Landon; Rec.-Sec., Mrs. H. Thomas; Treasurer, Mrs. Haseny-Directors: Mesdames Shoup, Fisher, Childs, Oriva and Davidson.

eager; Cor.-Sec., Mrs. H. Heustis.

For a short time we'll say adios for the club, hoping in the meantime for days of good cheer, happy, doing whatever we are asked to do,—taking it on the chin with a grin for that helps to win.

ROD AND GUN CLUB NEWS

To the thousands of followers of this column I offer my sincere apologies for the absence of your favorite broadcast in the May issue. So far as I know, I am the only one that missed it. It was written, but whether it was mislaid or I liked it so well that I kept it for my scrapbook I am unable to say. [Not received—Editor]. However, there was one article of importance that should be carried over to this issue of the Magazine.

At our meeting of April 8th Technicolor Pictures of Vacationing in the High Sierras near Wallace Lake were shown by F. Chandler Harris, writer of radio programs, U.C.L.A. Fact Finder and U.C.L.A. Explorer.

Young Mr. Harris is a nephew of our own Field Captain J. Samuel Harris, and from the good work shown in the taking of this picture, all the way from the "Spring Fever" that caused the trip, through this wonderful playground then back to what we call civilization, shows he must be a chip off the old block. It was a good picture and we appreciated seeing it very much. Thank you Mr. F. Chandler Harris.

In addition to the facts about the May 1st outing mentioned in Walter Watchell's column last month, I might add there were 40 members who braved the elements to enjoy this daring outing. Two hundred and eighty-six vicious trout bit the dust. Average cost per fish, seventy cents.

The honors of largest fish caught go to A. Ghezzi. While the size is not a military secret, it is confidential among the Club members for obvious reason. There might be other competition.

While we missed our own Camp hospitality, we agree the Blue Jay Camp was a mighty good substitute. They gave us the best they had and the run of the camp. No doubt many of the members will look favorably toward that camp for a place to spend their vacation.

Their rates are very reasonable and the service ample. As Brother "Watchall" informs you, the added cost was a slight strain on some of our family budgets. To offset this, the trip was made after the day's work was done April 30th, causing some of our heroes to arrive at camp quite late. Therefore, the reception committee was unable to adjourn until the wee small hours of the morning.

At 2:30 a.m. we were awakened from our peaceful slumber, washed our "bright faces" and combed our "curly hair," crawled into those terrible old moth eaten woolen clothes, wolfed down a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs and black coffee, then headed for the lake like mad. You would have thought they were dividing the lake and every person had a secret parcel to file claim on. In those few darkest moments just before the break of day every boat went gliding away to some secret cove where at some past date he had landed a big one.

Come daybreak and it got colder, the fog descended on the lake, the wind blew and it rained. I was so cold that the only way I could bait my hook was to first light a cigarette to warm my hands. Then I would usually end up by having the worm in my mouth and the cigarette on my hook. Finally I gave up and just trolled with a lure. After all I did prove to the boys they have a real "sportsman" Secretary.

By noon, May 1st everybody seemed quite willing to call it a day. With fish cleaned and packed in creels "luncheon" was served and the treek started for home.

Already plans are being made for next year, May 1st, the outstanding outing of the year.

There has been considerable confusion this year regarding prizes to offer. There being no P. E. camp anymore the P.E. camp trout classification is out. With the restrictions and confusion on ocean sport fishing, those classifications are questionable. It has been the custom in the past to publish the prize list in the year book, so that committee is being held up. In desperation President J. B. Rogers called a meeting of committees concerned for Wednesday, May 20th at 7 p.m. to iron out the difficulties, make up a prize list and get the year book to press. Your year book will be out very shortly now, no doubt.



John M. Noonan, U. S. Marine Corps. The stalwart son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Noonan. In service Jan. 16th at 19 years of age. Last address, San Diego Marine Base. His father is Trainmaster Southern District.

The 1942 Tournament Season is half over and so far a dozen registration cards have been turned in. Looks like any old game fish this year will win a prize.

LEGION ELECTION

By James E. Davis

The Pacific Electric Railway Post, No. 321, held its annual election for the 1942-1943 Legion year, Tuesday night, June 9th. As this report was compiled on May 27th, the names of the new officers are, of course unknown, but the following comrades were nominated, at our meetings in April:

Commander—K. M. Brown, now First Vice Commander.

First Vice Commander — W. G. Knoche, who served us so well, for several years as our First Finance Officer—A. W. Bone, Chairman of our Inter-Post Relations Committee and our present Second Vice Commander, H. K. Riordan. Comrade Riordan, declined the nomination, as he was afraid he would be unable to attend regular, during the coming year.

Second Vice Commander—Bruce Goodwin and L. A. Finley, now Executive Committeemen—R. C. Milnes, Chairman of the Sons of the Legion

Committee and our Sergeant-At-Arms O. F. Fackler.

Chaplin—Our present very efficient Chaplain F. W. Nichols. We expected him to run unopposed, but he tried to cross us up by nominating R. C. Milnes. If Comrade Milnes had been present at his nomination, I am sure he would have declined the nomination, as it was, when I told him about it the next day, he said he would refuse to run, which leaves Chaplain Nichols still unopposed, as he ought to be. When we have a man in office, that has made the kind of record, Chaplain Nichols has been making, we would be very foolish to make any change.

Historian—James E. Davis, renominated.

Finance Officer—O. R. Newhouse, was renominated by Junior Past Commander W. E. Sames. Finance Officer Newhouse immediately nominated W. E. Sames. Comrade Newhouse said he thought two years were enough for him to hold the office, but he is another man that has been doing good work.

Sergeant-At-Arms—O. R. Fackler, who has done a good job as sergeant-at-arms has been renominated. Also running for this office are Comrades Swartz, A. A. Malmberg and our present Judge Advocate, Burgess N. Broberg.

Executive Committee—A. L. Bone, B. N. Broberg, Finley, Mead, Sames, Stienmuller and Swartz.

Delegates to Department Convention, 23rd District meetings and L. A. County Council—A. L. Bone, K. M. Brown, B. N. Broberg, V. G. Clemons, Cutler, A. A. Malmberg, R. E. Mead, C. A. Newman, F. W. Nichols, O. R. Newhouse and Swartz.

May 12, Chaplain Nichols reported that Tax Assessor Quinn, (National Commander American Legion 1923-1924, John R. Quinn), said that many veterans have not made their claim for tax exemption yet this year. He asks us to remind these veterans that this is very important and should be attended to at once.

Our post received a picture of the 1919 meeting of the American Legion held at St. Louis, as a membership award.

Commander V. G. Clemons reported that his son, Gene L. Clemons has joined the U. S. Navy. We wish him lots of good luck and a safe return.

May 26th—23rd District Commander Clarence Benjamin talked to us about the record the 23rd District has made under his management and the State Guard and the bond selling campaign. Many men he appointed to committees etc., was taken away by various branches of the government, which indicates that

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES

ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT

By N. E. Cates

If you think this column is useless, or that no one reads it, you are wrong because I had two inquiries on why the Accounting Department notes were skipped last month. One actually said that this column was the only one they did read.

Thanks for that encouragement.

Odessa Carter is now working in Mr. Henry Eggert's office on the mezzanine floor.

Congratulations to Leo Becker on his advancement to Special Accountant and also to the other boys in the Freight Accounts Bureau who have waited so long for a "break". Bill Reed is now Assistant Head Clerk; W. H. Alexander, Head Rate and Division Clerk, Joe Lortie and Sam Taylor have qualified on new jobs.

Welcome to Dave Gleason from the Freight Traffic Department and to Fred H. McFarland and W. W. "Bill" Foster both of whom have had previous service with the Company. Welcome also to Donna Fuller and Mary Louise English from Conductors Accounts (that was indeed quite

a loss to your department, Miss Snowden) and to Veda Underwood also from Conductors Accounts Bureau and is an additional loss to Miss Snowden, and to Eloise Klages who filled the position vacated by Marilyn Hawkins. The personnel of the office will soon be up to the 1928 level.

Additional re-arrangement of furniture in Disbursements Bureau brings us in line with the Freight Accounts Bureau; a further change sent Mr. Moyer out to the Record Room where he has established himself in almost a private office. Sorry to lose such a good man, but you cannot be in two places at the same time.

Betty Enscoe, Doris Lindeman and Marilyn Hawkins treated the Disbursements Bureau to two boxes of candy recently. This is appreciation of being so warmly welcomed by members of the Bureau. Perhaps they do not know it, but they would all be warmly welcomed in any bureau.

Archie also enjoyed the candy. Clayton Scholl has splurged in golf equipment — recently bought some new clubs and bag. He believes there is more good shots in new clubs than in old clubs. His new driver produced a humdinger on the 15th hole at Sunset the other day. The ball bounded up to lodge in a bush 3 feet off the ground. Geo. Bleck of U.T.W. on the 12 fairway at Rancho was obliged to play one out of a tree 6 ft. off the ground.

All of which makes a nice background for a super-colossal shot produced by Mr. Suman recently at Griffith Park. Although news reports tended to minimize the ability of the player, to make a hole-in-one shot from the tee is usually reserved for those experts at the game. His shot was played with the finesse of one who knows the game and plays it well.

Vincent Tower of the General Claim Department has been called to his last reward. Vincent died May 29th at St. Vincent's Hospital after a short illness.

James Gould visited Canada on his vacation. He left here with a hand full of railroad passes.

Four sunburned young ladies showed up Monday morning after Memorial Day—Joan Johnson, Louise Smith, Gertrude Eggeman and Marcita (Sarah) Witschy enjoyed a day at Long Beach. For more information you might talk to Earle Moyer, who was thereabouts all decked out in V. of F. W. uniform.

George Perry had one week vaca-

he was not the only one who thought they were good men.

23rd District—First Vice Commander Goshen talked on membership, and told us his hat is in the ring for 23rd District Commander. The 23rd District is over the top, almost up with their banner year. Our post, with a paid-up membership of 89 (our quota was 55), is in second place for the district, only a few points behind the leader.

It's a cinch, that if we could get all eligible members we would move into first place and win the trophy.

Remember all P. E. employes who served in the armed forces of the United States during World War One, and received an honorable discharge are eligible for membership in this post.

Motor Transit employes, remember this includes you, as you are P. E. employes along with the rest of us.

Ray—"You're just like an icicle."
Gladys—"Well, you know an icicle melts easily enough when you hold it."

Mrs. Kincaid: "How children's tastes do change."

Mrs. Brockton: "Yes, when my two were small, Johnny just loved soldiers, and Mary was crazy for brightly painted dolls. Now Mary is crazy about soldiers and John runs after every painted doll he sees."

A WORTH WHILE TRIBUTE

We know where we would hang a medal, if we were hanging medals.

And you will never guess.

It would be on the chest of what too many of us had come to believe was a decrepit old veteran about ready to fall apart—

The railroads of America.

All of us have been inclined to criticize them for what we considered their lack of efficiency and indifference, and gossip had it that they were outmoded and incapable of handling modern problems of traffic, both freight and passenger, and under emergency pressure, would collapse.

What a mistaken idea that was!

Unsung, unacclaimed, without fanfare or boasting, they are doing the greatest transportation job ever known in the history of the world.

They are moving troops and materials over mountains, across the plains and deserts, and tying coast lines together with an efficiency that is amazing.

At the same time, passenger traffic is moving with greater comfort and speed than ever before and nonwar freight is being handled as though that's all there was.

Recently the government had to take a little one over when it got out of line, and the big ones cheered.

If there ever was an institution completely and thoroughly in step with the war effort and needs of the United States, it is the railroads.

—By Harry Newman,
Editor Kansas City Journal

tion and saved tires by staying at home resting.

Juanita Hoover tangled with "Penelope" and came out second best. The machine punched a hole in Juanita's thumb nail.

Prior Service Department practically dissolved—only Phil Still left to carry on the work.

Happy Birthday to You!

	June
Odessa Carter	2
Johnnie Thatcher	2
Duncan Poundstone	11
Opal Haas	13
James L. Park	14
Florence Gretz	14
J. P. Hoaglund	16
Anna Beseman	23
Neal B. Vickrey	24
Clarence Webber	26
Walter Lohman	29
Paul Jacobsmyer	29

General Claim Department has four men—Michael Smith, transferred from Research Bureau and Louis N. Weicisbacher, James L. Park and J. J. Cameron are new to the Company.

R. A. Martin will round out 32 years service with the Company on June 14th. Congratulations Mr. Martin.

Miss Bettis is away on vacation at this time. Central Timekeeping Bureau notes reported by Mabel Wells: Vacations.

Madelyn Matthews — Santa Barbara.

Charles Sein—Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Mabel Wells—a week at home.

Albert Manhart—at home.

Well—well—well! Sooner or later they fall, now don't they? That's right! Our newest "Old Married Man" is none other than Frank Hardesty of the Timekeeping Bureau. Congratulations Frank.

Mabel Wells wishes to thank each and every one for their hearty cooperation in the Buddy Poppy sale May 22nd.

Rufus Handy passed away April 15th after a long illness.

Margaret Taylor is back from a leave-of-absence looking better than ever.

STATION STATIC
By James J. Adams

Vacation news, our main standby for this time of the year, seems to be a thing of the past. A survey of the station force shows that most of us are sticking close to home this year to conserve rubber and gas and also to water the Victory gardens!!

We received a nice note of condolence from Marion Snowden on the sudden demise of Annie K. Bitzer. Poor Annie, whose main object

was to produce a few chuckles was our "brain child". (Voice from the mob "Yeah, if he had a brain!!")

Have you noticed the beautiful Service Flag that hangs over the Information Desk? We understand it will soon have a new star as Lee Bogue is going to enlist in the Air Corps in a short time.

Sometimes it sure pays to advertise as we found when we politely hinted that we had a liking for home made cake. A few days later Grace Anstead brought down a delicious chocolate cake for the "boys". Many thanks, Grace, we're glad you read this stuff.

During the recent blackout a man with a fine baritone voice conducted an informal Community Sing in the Main St. Station. It was quite a boost to the civilian morale, at least it prevented the public from worrying us with unanswerable questions as how long the blackout would last, etc. We're all for the idea of having one during each blackout in the future. (Sure wish we could sing.)

Harry Dietsch is mighty proud of his stepson, Ray Sears, who has just



been promoted to Chief Machinist's Mate, U. S. Navy. Congratulations, Ray, and best of luck!

"Want to be a radio announcer?" Minor Musick has invented a voice tester. All you do is press a button and speak clearly into a small microphone. The harder you press the louder your voice becomes. 'S funny how many people use the word "Ouch!!" to test their vocal cords.

We welcome another new member to our Information force, Deane H. Aspemeier. And still those questions come rolling in, faster than they can answer them!

One sport that the war has not slowed down is fishing. So many of the boys are getting the old tackle cleaned up for a big season. Looks like the yellowtail are going to take a beating this year.

Some of us get old gradually but

then again it is quite a shock to have it hit you right between the eyes as it did us when a sailor said, "HEY PAP, when does the car go to Long Beach?" Don't make fun of this old grey head, son, you'll be old yourself some day.

And so with that Pop signs off.

ENGINEERING DEPT. NOTES
By Victor P. Labbe

Two additions to our family—Dorothy Cooper and Mabel Harvey—have added a new touch to our department. They are just as happy to be with us as we are to have them.

Bill Hibbard has left the P. E. to go with the Railroad Commission. Lots of luck, Bill.

Just to let you know who your Aid Raid Warden is on the 6th floor, it's none other than E. "Rollo" Hayward.

Jean Fogarty took another trip to San Luis Obispo—but says all the soldiers were on leave. Tough luck, Jean.

Red Quirnbach finally got his Number and also two questionnaires to fill out. Smooth sailing ahead, Red.

Bill Bailey would like to go back out-doors. Says he never did like to "Draft."

If anyone has an extra cook stove, please see Lowe in the Engineering Department at once. He will pay any price.

Wish some one would contact Al Smith and make him a proposition to take a dozen pictures of his little girl.

Ralph Cobb played Santa and distributed grapefruit to the crowd. They were very delicious.

Betty Demmerle is undecided as to which shall be her choice—The Navy—Army or the Bus Driver.

Harvey Smith always thought 2A meant the 2nd grade in school.

Cottage cheese and pineapple are supposed to reduce your girth. Have not seen any difference in J. W. B.'s or Rodda's.

Bill Nicolay is wondering how he can make his arm band fit. Walter Watchall suggests that he put it around his neck.

Rudy Widmann and Johnnie Blackburn, both early vacationists. Understand Johnnie is no longer a bachelor.

Geo. Brown has three sons in the Navy and another one will be there soon. He is certainly doing his part in man power.

Jean Fogarty is eyeing the new additions in Spencer's office. She should be able to take her pick.

Evelyn Tenny's husband had a slight case of the measles.

Betty Enscoe pays us a visit now and then. It's good for tired eyes.

Roy Ewing is longing for his vacation so he can go to the mountains and play badminton with the high school girls. Roy says this keeps him young and handsome.

L. A. Biehler has a victory garden, although we hear his wife did all the work. He says it is doing fine.

Russell Schaeffle is certainly proud of his new straw hat.

MOTOR TRANSIT NOTES
By M. J. Creamer

Ye Ol' Vacation Days. Some—in discard, others on the Horizon. Lloyd Irby away, fishing on the upper Kern river.....we hope they're whoppers! Neil Seyforth's vacation a mystery or did he tag along? John Smith spending an enjoyable week at Hobo Hot Springs on Kern river. Ed. Barnett spent some three days in the San Jacinto mountain area where the quail and rabbits were plentiful. Joe Hernandez really away on his vacation. Seems some three days or so was going to be spent on repairing his fliwer as the clutch walked out on him. After a couple days off he called in and remarked that he felt like he was "fired" or something—as t'was the first vacation in years and had "time on his hands." Does plan to spend a couple days on the beach with his boys. Tires are getting thread-bare so gotta stick close to home. Slim Seifried and Viola planning rail trip to San Francisco. Geo. Jehl looking forward to a few days in the San Bernardino mountains. Had planned a trip to Oklahoma but after looking the situation over—found that most had migrated out this way! Geo. Cline doing vacation relief work in Los Angeles.

Chatter: Gary Evans (Whittier) bid in Ass't Service Director's temporary opening in L. A. and is exercising his tonsils in calling cars. Attaboy, Gary! Yep, like a postman on his day off, he was down at the depot with his wife and baby boy and was he humming "BABY SHOES?" T'is said that he is dusting off the baby crib for a new arrival. His "pop", R. W. Evans, auditor (retired), paying us a visit too and looks the picture of health. Max Green (Mt. Auto Line) a more frequent visitor and is anticipating increased travel to mountain points during the summer months. With Catalina (our treasure isle) being closed for the duration, many will trek to the mountain areas for vacations. There's many restful spots up yonder!

The ol' depot buzzes with traffic—and a traffic check has been made, the figures on which, if revealed,



Here's our "Pal" Guy Rhinard togged in his uniform and sending us a smile from "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

should be interesting. **HATS OFF** to our Service Directors, who have their hands full and are burning the midnight oil. With so many specials—it is a job to allot equipment. Walt Deal is seeing the sunrise every morning now!

Here and There: C. Hatfield cutting some fancy figures—they're so good he can't read 'em! Howard Strong popping out with a real "HE-MAN" pipe—one of those long dangling creations "ala Hawkshaw". Says it holds almost a can of tobacco but think he's not doing the pipe justice. When it gets aged and ripe—he'll be spending his time outdoors we know. Walt Rorick, our ol' pal (Glendale) stopping by to shoot the breeze! Walter Starks now on hold down in Fullerton while Monsieur Kirkman is in Whittier—both commuters to L. A. Ronald Sype and

Owen Whitaker have taken to "bikes" and they pedal 'em daily to the El Monte depot where the story goes—each tie their bike to the same tree. **BUT**—troubles have started as when the winds (?) blow, the bikes are entangled and new words of English (?) are making their bow. Tommy Henderson returning to the fold after a long leave of absence and with one of those healthy Arizona tans. Welcome back, Tommy. John E. Brown paying us a call! Babe Larson consarning his lot—caught the sniffles and just has **NO APPETITE** but was observed eating like a horse! C. E. Barnum says he never does or sees anything up in the Sunland area to make news—it's a peaceful spot! With Eugene Wickham—it's just back and forth to San Bernardino but he's "JOHNNY ON THE SPOT!" Y. B. Jeffery can well be called **GRANDPA JEFF** as he's been one for some time. Bob Jeffery, his youngest son, is in the Merced area teaching blind flying.

Ira Junkins (our janitor) with the State Guard and stationed in Hawthorne area. Was just to be a brief training—but has he been nabbed for the duration? W. A. Cunningham, now U. S. Navy, back up from San Diego on another quickie and has grabbed himself a ship. **KEEP HER FLOATING!!** Kenny McCollum with nine days leave and home to El Monte for a visit. Don't say that the Navy doesn't build 'em up—it's that good cooking! Word from Guy Rhinard and he admits there's plenty of beautiful gals down in Texas. A pal and he were entertained royally by one of the U. S. O. girls he met enroute to Texas. On a recent trip, they were met at the train by the same little lady who took them to her home in dad's new car where they had a real breakfast. A girl friend for his buddy—thence a drive some miles to a beautiful park in a deep canyon along a tributary of the Canadian river. Evening brought

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a real chicken dinner at her home—and the evening was rounded up with a night of dancing! We hope ALL the boys have had similar experiences and know that such good times ARE appreciated. Guy is in his 6th phase of engine repair and keeping his grades around the 90 mark.

WHO'S got a CRITICAL job in the P. E. line up? Word spread like wild fire when notice was issued to the effect of deferment for men in rail industry. Some found that ticket clerk jobs were "NOTHING BUT A NOTHING". Well, LIKE EVERYONE—we're willing to go—so get the "gals" lined up for dispensing tickets. The patrons insist that they MUST be good looking and KNOW their onions tho. Maybe a few can be found who aren't doing riveting or such. "Hook" Edmondson lined up for his Army phiz as this goes to press and says he was granted a 5-day furlough. Will he be gone or linger awhile?

Flashes: Jim Tucker is breaking his wife in on ticket sales and looking over the Ontario depot. They held down the fort for J. N. Johnson, agent, on a day off for him and did right smart for themselves in sales. Jim has taken to farming and has taken over a vacant lot next door to their Alhambra home. Yep—a fence around it too! Henry Stone is just in walking distance of it—so WATCH OUT! 'Course Slim Seifried—up the street has his own Victory garden! Smiling Miss Sawyer breezing thru depot and unloading some especial hellos. She's back in Timekeeping and pounding the keys!

Paul Burke—is just a "Seamstress at heart". The wife getting ready for summer cleaning tore down the drapes and was going to reline them. Was it planned that Jim Tucker should drop in just at the moment when he was tearing out the ol' stitches and planning the hem? Bet the door will be locked more often now or else other accomplishments of Paul's will be learned!

A Wager Won! "But the bus leaves at 4:35 p. m., sir, NOT 4:45 p. m." Marvin Freeman bet the lady patron an ice cream cone that it didn't—and she was back in a flash with an ice cream cone. What to do with it at such a busy time of day was solved by Geo. Jehl eating the "treat". Some wonder what makes Geo. so weak in the knees—he's forever lifting those cuffed trouser legs and taking inventory (we first thought it was the cute dimples). Could it be from digging in his garden—or was that horse remedy (something for housemaid's knees) a total flop in treatment?

Did a secret marriage take place out El Monte way—or did Moss



A courteous and "jolly" pair—of "our" drivers. That's E. K. Lawrence and Denny Livingston . . . snapped out El Monte way.

gather a rolling stone or vice versa?

Gone—but NOT forgotten—is smiling Emma Hammond, night waitress, formerly at Subway Terminal Cafe. She "upped and 'DO'ED" it. Yep—was a marriage. When asking her many months ago if she planned to jump—she could only say "MAYBE yes or MAYBE NO" — but it was the month of MAY!

Our best wishes to Stewart Axton confined in the hospital. Hope he's back on the job and raring to go before this ink dries.

Wish we could say hello to all OUR FAMILY now in service. Nothing we'd like better—but miles have separated the ties. We're thinking of Roy Wilson (Lieutenant-Colonel), now in the far off spaces and KNOW that he is in there "pitching."

There wasn't much in the grab-box this time for news events but maybe some of the "pals" will come to the rescue next time.

WINCHIE TAKES A CRACK

Remember this:

"Although they had no first aid class, Egyptians were not dummies; They knew the art of bandaging—They learned it from their mummies!"

—Molly C. Rodman.

And that brings us right into the the heart of our most popular Tuesday night activity—the first aid class. And if you don't think it's interesting, you just drop in at Room 355 PE Bldg., and see all the lame ducks waddling around with every known kind of bandage on them, from cravat head bandages to traction splints. They're certainly a sick looking lot when they get down to business.

We have interested spectators from the hall doors and the well windows

across the way. Some of our gang taking the course are Belva Dale, Marilyn Hawkins, Noble Cates—to keep morale on a high and noble plane—Ken and Vera Pomeroy,—and no foolin', Vera's going to need first aid by the time Kenny finishes practicing on her pressure points,—Isa Henderson, Charles Escover, — the guinea pig on more than one occasion — Esther Craig, Esther Quast, who supplies the comedy, as you can imagine—and is she a wiz at the fireman's drag, but heaven help Esther Craig's rear extension as EQ drags her over the bumps!, and your chum Winchie, to tell on 'em. Of course there are many others from the PE and SP, but here we are concerned mainly with those from our two offices.

The class, tearing out at five o'clock to the lunch counter to snatch a bite and a few grains of sugar, looks like a bunch of immigrants with their blanket rolls and first aid kits. Up in the classroom, with the rug and blankets spread, the artificial respirators look as if they are riding Cal's colts—those with a one-leg straddle looking as if they were on a side saddle—and here's where slacks come in handy. (We're still wondering how men can stand the dern things flapping around their ankles. Us for a dress!) Yep, every family has its victim who complains, "Can't you find anybody else to practice on?"

Congratulations to our two fellow employes D. M. Lloy and A. M. Cleaver who wrote the song "We're Americans." Those of us who have bought copies will soon be singing to the world that we are Americans.

All honor to our own Colonel Belt who now sports the double eagles. Here's hoping he swoops down on the sons of heaven and shows what eagles really can do.

Well for goodness sake! Can you imagine that Annie K. Bitzer is none other than our old friend and fellow ink slinger and key pecker, Jimmie Adams! With sincere apologies, we take back all the cussing we gave Annie last month and handsomely admit she was a great gal. Bring her out again, Jimmie, she's GOT something.

In mentioning our doubles and triples last month, we unintentionally left out our two Violets. You've heard of modest, shrinking violets—they must have completely shrunk out of sight. Skuzit please. You two are now getting exclusive mention.

If we didn't read the magazine, we wouldn't know anything. We wondered what had become of Charlie Wakefield who used to wheel the buggy load of supplies up from the Stationery Dept. Thought maybe the tire and vehicle priority had caught

up with him. So he's back at West Hollywood where we once tried to sell him a ticket to our Queen contest. Well, we're missing him, and hope he won't forget us.

They say dreams sometimes come true. We believe Marty Creamer has something in that dream of a worm's eye view of Motor Transit District. That worm really has VISION, and the new service director sounds like Jack Butler—or are we partial? Do we dare hope the worm's dream will come true? Everyone connected with Motor Transit accounting hopes so.

We think Grandpop's homespun philosophy is a welcome addition to the magazine, and hope he will go on musing in print for a good long time.

Our second floor halls are really becoming havens of safety in the event of an air raid—thanks to the untiring efforts of our super air raid Chief, Earle Moyer. The zones are clearly marked, hose locations in plain sight and of easy access, and now he's installing blue lights that unmistakably point out zone locations to the most panie-stricken wight who may be scared out of the ability to read signs. And besides all that, he has made a second floor map that's a work of art. All you other floor chiefs, tie that. Earle, we're proud of you. You're doing a swell job, and we know of no other who could do it as well.

There's a far-sighted clothing firm who advertises on the radio that with each new suit, they will give a Navajo blanket. If Leon Henderson and his pals keep on trimming off the extras on suits, men folks will need those blankets. (Reminds us of the Seminole Indians down in the Everglades of Florida, who wear short full skirts, vests, and derby hats, and are considered well dressed. What are the men coming to!!

A post card signed "E.M.R." in Elizabeth Reckweg Amalong's handwriting from Portland, Oregon, leads us to wonder where was mister Reckweg. One might guess she dropped him off maybe in Reno on the way up.

In this day of this and that, here's a worthwhile going away gift: A departing conductor made Florence Haldeman a present of an electric lantern—the sort that has the lights underneath for use in flashing swinging signals up and down the tracks. Here are four suggestions for its use:

- 1—Flossie can hunt for sprouting seeds in her victory garden.
- 2—She can give it to Earle Moyer for use in his black-outs.
- 3—She might look ahead to the black, black mornings in winter when she'll need something besides instinct and habit to find her way to the bus line.

4—She might pluck out most of her hair, put on a toga, and venture forth to hunt for an honest man.

Speaking of her Victory garden, from what we've heard, the scarcity of Japs means nothing in the life of her garden, as far as plenty of fresh vegetables is concerned.

This gem is from Operator O'Haver who "wheels 'em around" on the Sunland line—after answering one passenger's thirteen questions—(the nitwit was a WOMAN, we hate to admit)—"You don't HAVE to be nuts to drive a bus, but it sure helps a lot," And the striking thing about it was, he was just as cheerful in answering the last question as he was the first one.

Well, folks, it looks as if we are going to take a hitch in the sweetening of our beverages, and like it,—what with sugar books and canning restrictions. We can think of lots of Southern folks who have thrived on "long sweetnin'".

Vacation dreams—Nina Pincombe waking up from hers—if we remember correctly, she was in San Francisco. If we're wrong we'll correct it next time. Being on our own vacation at this writing, we can't verify it. Dorothy Randolph on hers, said she was going to stay at home and get brown. Wonder if she meant get Brown or get brown to match her eyes.

Our two sick girls, Mildred Edwards and Carmen del Campo are out of the woods—hospital to you—for lo this long time, Mildred to Fresno to recuperate at her mother's, and Carmen at home to grow stronger. Agnes Heckman and Dovie Brown are at home on sick leave. We're missing you all and hope you will soon be back.

Overheard on Sunland bus again—Fat man to skinny little runt who is

way over by the window—"I think I'll sit next to you and use some of that seat you're wasting." They both happened to be in the printing business and struck up a very pleasant acquaintance.

May we rise to ask why Malarkey, who writes for the Bulletin of Local 1420 UWOC (UERMTWA)—gosh! that's almost as bad as BofR&SCFHE &SE!—is not letting his light shine in the PE Mag? when Uncle Tommus is tearing what hair he has left to keep the good old mag going. We feel that with Malarkey hiding his light under a bushel—and WHAT a light!—he isn't doing his part in the war, and do we mean war, what with one after another of us dodging in and out of various people's dog houses. Chum, if we know our dictionary, your Malarkey should be where all our readers could think a lotta Malarkey, and we don't mean it's a lotta Malarkey. How about it?

Out of 42 people in our Bureau, only one—Florence Haldeman—gave us any notes this month. So we've cut loose from Conductors' Accounts Bureau and we're going to tear out on our own. After all, vacations are pretty much the same the office over, especially with travel curtailed, and when we have to use a crowbar to find out where they went and what they did, it isn't much fun. We're spending a day of our vacation getting out something to keep from letting our good old Uncle Tommus down, and if you delinquent readers and crabbers don't like what you're reading—IF you're reading it—blame yourselves. So long, folks.

Top Kick: How come everyone in the squad is out of step except you?

Private: Don't pay any attention to them, Sarge. They're doing that just to aggravate me.

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